

M. L.

Gc
929.2
Ot25303o
1847526

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

6c

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01430 7968

1847526

2595

My Father and Mother

[[Newton Otis—Eunice Collins Otis]]

and

Their Forefathers

by

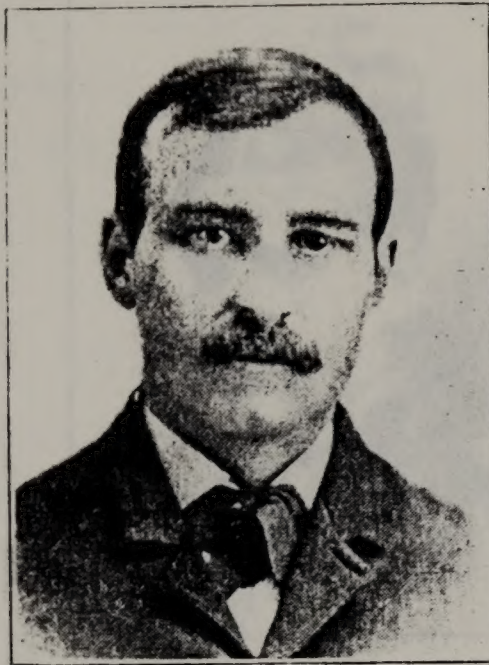
MERRILL E. OTIS, A.B., A.M., LL. B.

United States District Judge by Appointment of Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States.

Formerly First Assistant City Counselor of St. Joseph, Missouri, by Appointment of Charles L. Faust, City Counselor; formerly First Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Buchanan County, Missouri, by Appointment of Lawrence Bothwell, Prosecuting Attorney; formerly First Assistant Attorney General of Missouri by Appointment of Jesse W. Barrett, Attorney General of Missouri; formerly Chairman of the Public Service Commission of Missouri by Appointment of Arthur M. Hyde, Governor of Missouri; formerly Assistant to the Solicitor General of the United States (James M. Beck, Solicitor General) by Appointment of Harlan F. Stone, Attorney General of the United States.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

December 25, 1927.



NEWTON OTIS
At Eighteen—At Thirty—At Sixty

Recd. 7-23-75



EUNICE COLLINS OTIS

At Sixteen — At Twenty-five — At Sixty

INTRODUCTION.

I have written this little book that I may present it at Christmas, 1927, to my father and mother, Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis. Each will then have passed the sixty-sixth milestone of life. I have written it also that their grandchildren, little children now, hereafter may have it. Some day, grown older, I feel sure they will find something of interest in it.

"I have ever had a pleasure," said Franklin in the very first sentence of the celebrated Autobiography. "in obtaining any little anecdote of my ancestors." I want to give a like pleasure to my parents and to their descendants.

My father's and mother's forefathers, with two or three exceptions, were but average men and women and I can do little more than record their names with dates of births and marriages and deaths and relate a few unimportant incidents that have survived the ocean of oblivion on the precarious raft of family tradition. There was one who was a priest of the English Church, one who was a Baptist preacher, one who practiced medicine, two who were merchants, two who were craftsmen. For the rest, like my father, they were tillers of the soil, farmers, but American farmers, that one class on earth which recognizes no other class as its superior.

Those from whom my parents have descended, as individuals unimportant, were members of extraordinary groups. Of the Puritans of England who, Macaulay said, prostrated themselves in the dust before

their Maker but set their feet on the necks of tyrants. Of these earliest adventurers who, leaving all behind, long ago made exodus out of Europe to this western continent. Of the "embattled farmers" who, for the sake of liberty, defied the armed forces of George III. Of those pioneers who, carrying rifles and axes, on foot, on horseback, in covered wagons, dared the dangers of the sparsely peopled regions beyond the eastern mountains to establish new homes for themselves and for their children.

They relied upon themselves, never on the prestige of great names nor on wealth inherited. In years to come may each of the descendants of my parents also rely upon himself. May he take advantage to the full of the opportunities of this blessed land. May he never be content until he has equipped himself as, without exception, every American can, and then may he render some worthy service in his generation to his country and his fellow men.

Merrill E. Ellis

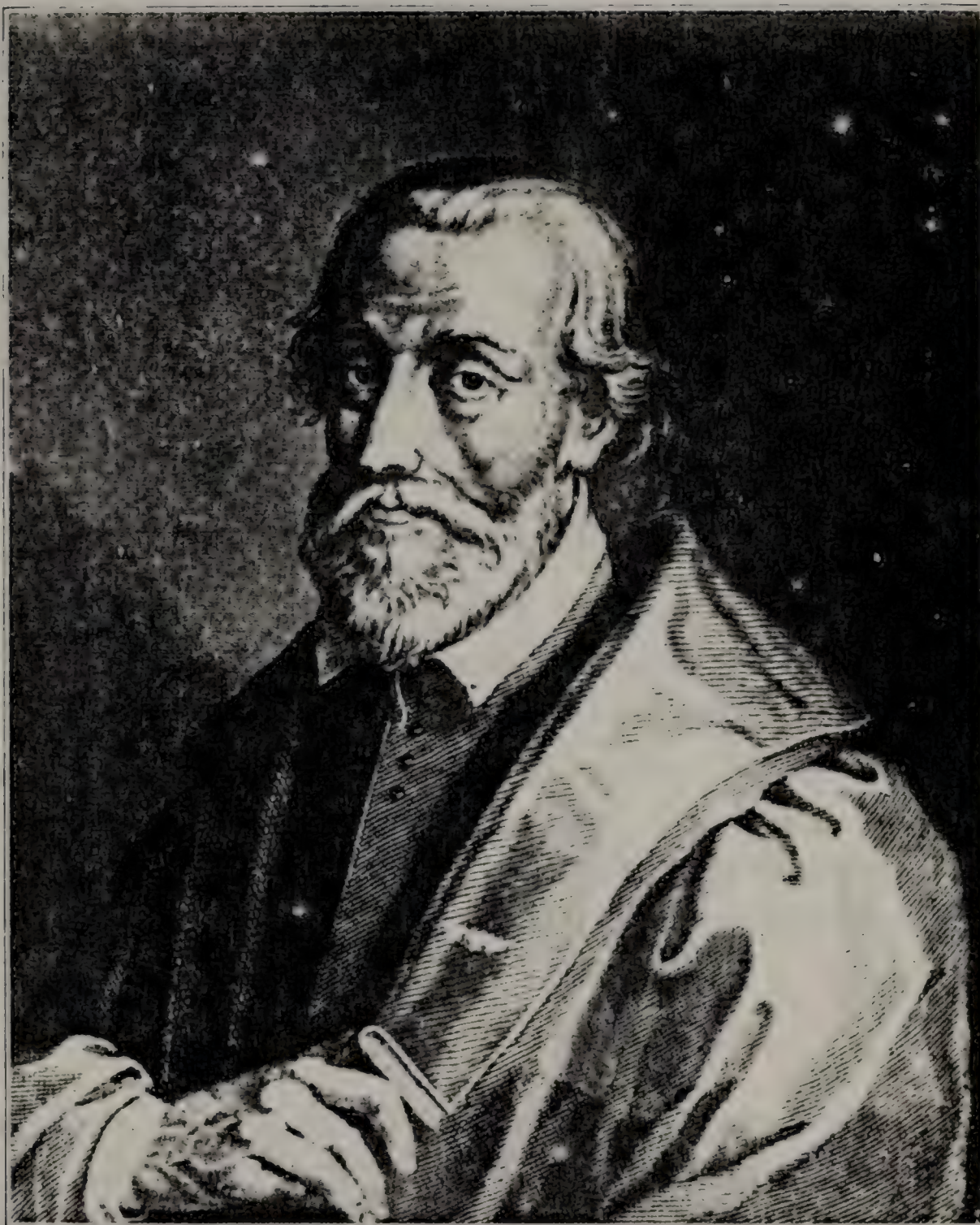
CHAPTER I.

Before America.

My mother is a direct descendant through her ancestress, Lydia Rogers Morgan, of the martyr, John Rogers (1500-1555), although all the intervening ancestors cannot now be named. The fact is attested by an unbroken repetition from generation to generation. An account of the life of Rogers may be found in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, and in other works. He had a part in the translation and publication in English of the Holy Bible and at the end for his devotion to the Protestant Reformation he paid the supreme sacrifice.

He went to his death, says the article concerning him in the *Brittanica*, "as to a wedding." An old book gives the following quaint account of his execution:

"Now when the time came that he, being delivered to the sheriffs, should be brought out of Newgate to Smithfield, the place of his execution, Mr. Woodroofe, one of the aforesaid sheriffs, first came to Mr. Rogers, and asked him if he would revoke his abominable doctrine, and the evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar. Mr. Rogers answered, 'That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.' Then Mr. Woodroofe said, 'Thou art an heretic.' 'That shall be known,' quoth Mr. Rogers, 'at the day of judgment.' 'Well,' said Mr. Woodroofe, 'I will never pray for thee.' 'But I will pray for you,' said Mr. Rogers; and so was brought the same day, which was Monday, the 4th of February, by the sheriffs, towards Smithfield, saying the psalm MISERERE by the way, all the people wonderfully rejoicing at his constancy with



JOHN ROGERS

great praises and thanks to God for the same. And there, in the presence of Mr. Rochester, comptroller of the Queen's household, Sir Richard Southwell, both the sheriffs, and a great number of people, he was burnt to ashes, washing his hands in the flame as he was burning. A little before his burning, his pardon was brought, if he would have recanted; but he utterly refused it. He was the first Martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire. His wife and children, being eleven in number, ten able to go, and one sucking at her breast, met him by the way, as he went towards Smithfield; this sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood could nothing move him, but that he constantly and cheerfully took his death with wonderful patience, in the defense and quarrel of the Gospel of Christ."

Through the shadows thrown by centuries come vague suggestions that my mother's Slafter and Fenton ancestors came from Wales and the Collinses from some one of the British Isles; that, of my father's ancestors, Benjamin Miller and Lydia Walling, his wife, emigrated hither from the land of Holland, the Shermans from Switzerland, and the Myers family from Germany with the Pennsylvania Dutch.

That Otis family in America which was founded here by John Otis who came to Hingham, Massachusetts, about 1635, had its English home in Glastonbury, in the shire of Somerset, but the origin of my father's branch, if indeed it be a branch of the same family, is something of a mystery. His ancestor, Robert Otis, came from Ireland, but was not of the Irish race.

Richard Otis of Glastonbury had three sons. John emigrated to America. Nothing definitely is known of Thomas, the third son, save that he was mentioned in his father's will. A family tradition, first recorded by Horatio N. Otis, genealogist, before 1850, is that this Thomas went to Ireland and that Robert Otis was his descendant. A vague tradition also is that Thomas came to America and then returned to England and went thence to Dublin to educate his children. All we may say we know with some definiteness is what was written by the Reverend Erastus Otis, grandson of Robert Otis, that his grandfather about 1720 emigrated from Ireland and settled at the mouth of the Connecticut River. But of the lives of Robert or his forebears, whether in Ireland or England, we know nothing. There is just this story of the boyhood of Robert Otis that was first printed many years ago and that I have had from several of his descendants:

Robert, then a boy, one day was playing in Dublin along the shore. Men rowing a boat asked him if he would not like a ride. He climbed in with them and was taken by force to a vessel in the harbor bound for America. In America he was bound out to pay for his passage over.

William Bradford, Governor of Plymouth Colony, married Alice Carpenter Southworth, widow of Sir Edward Southworth. My mother descends from Alice's sister, Juliana Carpenter, who married George Morton. Because the Southworths had connections more or less important and because also of the position later reached by Bradford, the ancestral line of Mrs. Bradford, also, of course, the line of Juliana Carpenter, has been pre-

served. Through seven generations it goes back to John Carpenter, member of Parliament in 1303.

My mother's Jewett ancestors lived in Bradford, West Riding of York, and there Edward Jewett was a merchant and in the records there his will may still be seen. Her Dunham ancestors lived probably in the neighborhood of Scrooby, whence went the Pilgrim Fathers first to Leyden, Holland, and thereafter to America. The Mortons, also my mother's ancestors, were likewise from this northern part of England and George Morton, merchant of York, was one of the Pilgrims who went out to the Netherlands about the year 1610.

The foregoing is all I am able to relate of the forefathers of my parents before they came out of Europe into the New World.

CHAPTER II.

New England.

From the beginning of Plymouth Colony to the War of the Revolution was more than one and one-half centuries. In that period came all of the emigrant ancestors of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis, most of them in the first one hundred years. Except for two, nothing unusual distinguished them other than the fact that they went out on what was then the great adventure.

So far as I know now, the Mortons, George Morton and his wife, Juliana Carpenter Morton, and their son, Nathaniel, were the first to come. They were passengers from Holland in the ship *Ann* which entered Plymouth Harbor in July, 1623.

The earliest positive record of George Morton is of his marriage. It may be found in the Dutch records and is as follows:

“George Morton, merchant from York in England, accompanied by Thomas Morton, his brother, and Roger Wilson, his acquaintance, with Juliana Carpenter, maid from Bath in England, accompanied by Alexander Carpenter, her father, and Alice Carpenter, her sister, and Anna Robinson, her acquaintance. The banns were published July 6-16, 1612. The marriage took place 23 July—2 Aug., 1612.”

Articles concerning both George Morton and his son, Nathaniel, may be found in the *Encyclopedia Americana*. That concerning the first is:

“Morton, or Mourt, George, Puritan colonist; b. York, England, about 1585; d. 1628(?). He

affiliated himself with the Puritans in 1600 and settled in Holland, but was for some years previous to 1620 London agent for the Puritans. Authorities disagree as to his career, some placing his emigration to America in 1620 while others fix it at 1623, and the same uncertainty prevails as to his death, the dates varying from 1624 to 1628; there is no conclusive evidence as to whether it occurred in England or America."

Two books which I have seen contain short biographies of George Morton. One, "Morton Memoranda," by Josiah Granville Leach, was published by the Riverside Press at Cambridge in 1894, and the other, "George Morton of Plymouth Colony and some of His Descendants," by John K. Allen, was published in Chicago in 1908. In "Morton Memoranda" it is said:

"George Morton, the first of the name to found a family in America, was born about 1585 at Austerfield, Yorkshire, England. Of his early life no record has been preserved. His home in Yorkshire was in the vicinity of Scrooby Manor and possibly he was a member of Brewster's historic church; but it is only definitely known that he early joined the Pilgrims at Leyden and continued of their company until his death. When the first of the colonists departed for America Mr. Morton remained behind, although he much desired to embark then, and intended soon to join them. His reason for such a course is a matter for conjecture. As he was a merchant, possibly his business interests caused his detention or, what is more probable, he remained to promote the success of the colony by encouraging emigration among others. That he served in some official capacity before coming to America is undoubted. One writer states that he was 'agent of those of his sect in London' and another, 'that he acted as the financial agent in London for Plymouth colony.'

NEW-ENGLANDS
MEMORIAL

O R,

A brief Relation of the most Memorable and Remarkable
Passages of the Providence of God, manifested to the

PLANTERS
O F

New-England in America;

With special Reference to the first Colony thereof; Called

NEW-P L I M O U T H.

As also a Nomination of divers of the most Eminent Instruments
deceased, both of Church and Common-wealth, improved in the
first beginning and after-progress of sundry of the respective
Jurisdictions in those Parts; in reference unto sundry
Exemplary Passages of their LIVES, and
the time of their DEATH.

Published for the Use and Benefit of present and future Generations,

By NATHANIEL MORTON,

Secretary to the Court for the Jurisdiction of New-Plimouth.

Deut. 32. 10. He found him in a desert Land, in the waste howling wilderness; he led him
about; he instructed him, he kept him as the Apple of his Eye.

Jerem. 2. 2, 3. I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine Espousals,
when thou wastest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown, &c.

Deut. 8. 2, 16. And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee
this FORTY YEARS in the wilderness, &c.

C A M B R I D G E :

Printed by S.G. and M. J. for John Usher of Boston. 1669.

"The work, however, for which he is most noted, and which will forever link his name with American history, is the publication issued by him in London in 1622, of what has since been known as Morton's Relation, entitled Relation of the Beginning and Proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plymouth in New England, by Certain English Adventurers Both Merchants and Others.

"This Relation may justly be termed the first history of New England, and is composed of letters and journals from the chief colonists of Plymouth, either addressed or intrusted to George Morton, whose authorship in the work is possibly limited to the preface.

"Shortly after the Relation was placed before the public, George Morton prepared to emigrate to America, and sailed with his wife and five children in the Ann, the third and last ship to carry what are distinctively known as the Forefathers, and reached Plymouth early in June, 1623. He did not long survive his arrival and his early death was a serious loss to the infant settlement. It is recorded in the Memorial that 'with much comfort and peace he fell asleep in the Lord, in the month of June, anno 1624.'

"He married Juliana Carpenter from Bath in England, daughter of Alexander Carpenter and sister of Alice Carpenter, who August 14, 1623, married William Bradford, second Governor of Plymouth colony. Juliana (Carpenter) Morton died at Plymouth February 18, 1665, in her 81st year.

"Among the descendants of George Morton in America may be mentioned General Warren, hero of Bunker Hill, James Otis, the patriot orator, and Levi P. Morton, vice-president of the United States from 1889 to 1893."

In Mr. Allen's book, "George Morton of Plymouth Colony," is the following account:

"George Morton came to Plymouth in the ship 'Ann' during the latter part of July, in the year 1623. Of the arrival of Mr. Morton, Nathaniel Morton, his eldest son, says in 'New England's Memorial': 'About fourteen days after (the fast held about the middle of July) came in the ship, called the Ann, whereof Mr. William Pierce was master. Two of the principal passengers that came in this ship were Mr. Timothy Hatherly and Mr. George Morton. * * * The latter of the two forenamed, viz., Mr. George Morton, was a pious, gracious servant of God, and very faithful in whatsoever publick employment he was betruſted withal, and an unfeigned well-willer, and according to his sphere and condition a ſuitable promoter of the common good and growth of the plantation of New Plymouth; labouring to ſtill the diſcontents that ſometimes would ariſe amongſt ſome ſpirits, by occaſion of the difficulties of theſe new beginnings; but it pleaſed God to put a period to his days ſoon after his arrival in New England, not ſurviving a full year after his coming aſhore. With much comfort and peace he fell aſleep in the Lord, in the month of June, Anno. 1624.'

"Thomas Morton, of Plymouth, Maſſ., writing March 9, 1870, 'partly from the record and partly from tradition,' ſays (in a manuſcript owned by Marcus Morton, Eſq., of Boſton, Maſſ.): 'Mr. George Morton attempted to come over before, and after having obtained near half the paſſage the ſhip proved leaky and returned to England again.' If this be a fact George Morton was one of the 'part of the company' which was returned to London on the 'Speedwell' after putting in at Plymouth. (See New England's Memorial, Nathaniel Morton, Edition of 1826, p. 32.)

"Concerning the death of George Morton, Felt has this to ſay in his 'Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of

New England': 'In June the colonists met with a great loss in the death of Geo. Morton, an exemplary Christian and a pillar of church and society. * * * Though his tarry here is short his memorial on high is everlasting.' "

That one of my mother's ancestors who achieved the most enduring reputation was George Morton's son, Nathaniel. Concerning him the following is from the *Encyclopedia Americana*:

"Nathaniel Morton, American historian. b. Leyden, Holland, about 1613; d. Plymouth, Mass., 29 June, 1685. He was of English descent, came with his father to Plymouth in 1623, became an inmate of Governor Bradford's family and his public assistant, and from 1645 until his death was secretary of the colony. In compliance with the request of the commissioners of the New England colonists, he compiled (1669) and published his principal work, 'New England's Memorial, or a Brief Relation of the Most Remarkable and Memorable Passages of the Providence of God Manifested to the Planters of New England.' For nearly two centuries or until Bradford's 'History of Plymouth' was discovered in 1855, Morton's work was the principal authority on the matters it dealt with. He compiled it largely from Bradford's manuscripts and Edward Winslow's journals. New England's Memorial was several times reprinted in the American colonies, and was also reproduced in England. Besides various other works Morton was also the author of 'A Synopsis of the Church History of Plymouth' (1680)."

The following is the account in Mr. Allen's book:

"This illustrious man was the eldest son of George Morton, and was born the latter part of 1613 in Leyden, Holland. He came to New England with his father in 1623 on the 'Ann'; upon

the death of his father in June, 1624, he was adopted by Governor William Bradford, whose second wife, Mrs. Alice (Carpenter) Southworth, was Mrs. George Morton's sister; that benevolent man gave his nephew the care which by the early death of his father he was denied, and he received an education which fitted him for the great work he afterwards accomplished for the colony; he was made a freeman in 1635, and in that same year married Lydia Cooper; she d. Sept. 23—Oct. 4, 1673; he m. (2) April 29, 1674, Ann, dau. of Richard Pritchard (who removed from Yarmouth to Charleston), and widow of Richard Templar, of Charlestown; she d. Dec. 26—Jan. 5, 1690-1. In 1645 Nathaniel Morton was elected clerk, or secretary, of the Colony court, and remained in office until his death, June 29, 1685, and to his scrupulous, faithful, painstaking labors we are indebted for the good preservation of the archives of the Plymouth Colony. Mr. Morton wrote the 'First Beginnings and After Progress of the Church of Christ at Plymouth, in New England,' which has preserved the early history of the first church established in New England; he also wrote many verses upon occasions of public interest, among which may be mentioned those on the death of his aunt, Mrs. Alice Bradford, which are published in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, Vol. III, 4th series, p. 460; but his greatest work, upon which his fame securely rests, is 'New England's Memorial,' originally published at Cambridge in 1669, and frequently referred to as 'the corner stone' of New England history; its accurate and full account of the transactions of the colony from 1620 to 1668 fully justify its claim to that title; it is a time-honored book, and has long been accounted an impartial history of the Pilgrim fathers; seven editions of the work have been published. Much of its value depended, no doubt, upon the author's access to the papers of Governor

Bradford, as well as to the archives of the colony, but his education, manner of life, and intimate connection with the leading men in the arduous task recorded in his history, qualified him particularly for the work."

Nathaniel Morton also was the first secretary of the United Colonies of New England.

The children of Nathaniel Morton and Lydia Cooper were eight in number. Mercy Morton was the second. Nov. 18, 1657, she married Joseph Dunham. She died February 19, 1667.

John Dunham, another of my mother's ancestors, also was early in Plymouth Colony. Indeed Isaac Watson Dunham, A. M., of Connecticut, who in 1907 published the Dunham Genealogy, sought to identify him with John Goodman, who was on the Mayflower, but that theory certainly has not been proved. Undoubtedly he was one of the Pilgrims who went to Holland.

He married Abigail Wood in Leyden, Holland, October 17, 1619, and their first child was born near the time of the departure of the Pilgrims in 1620. At Plymouth in 1633 he was chosen deacon of the church. He held that position for the remainder of his life and it was a place of some importance in the colony. In 1638 he was made a deputy of the General Court when it was said of him:

"He was a man of strict honesty and sterling character, quite prominent in the growth and prosperity of the colony."

He was also a member of the Military Company serving under the leadership of Captain Myles Standish.

In 1636 the Plymouth Code provided that every man should put a special mark upon his cattle. The mark

was required to be recorded in the town book. John Dunham's was recorded as "two scratches upon the right ear."

He was the father of eleven sons and daughters, of whom the eighth, Joseph, born in 1636, was my mother's ancestor.

Among Deacon John Dunham's direct descendants have been Collis P. Huntington, the great railroad builder, his son, Henry Huntington, famous philanthropist, and George B. McClellan, Jr., who was several times Mayor of New York City.

After John Dunham and the Mortons the next of the emigrant ancestors of my mother to land on American shores was Joseph Jewett, son of Edward Jewett of Bradford, England, who with his brother, Maximilian Jewett, sailed from Hull, England, in the ship John in 1638 and arrived at Boston in December of that year. They were members of a colony of emigrants led by the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers which founded the town of Rowley, Mass., in 1639.

Joseph Jewett was born in Bradford in the latter part of 1609. There, October 1, 1634, he married Mary Mallinson. She accompanied him to America. The Jewett Genealogy says that he was made freeman May 22, 1639, that he became a large landowner, and that he was representative to the General Court in 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654 and 1660. He was styled clothier in 1656, later merchant. He was buried Feb. 26, 1660, leaving nine sons and daughters, of whom the elder, Jeremiah, my mother's ancestor, was born in England in 1637 and came over with his parents on the ship John.

The Jewett family in America, all descendants through Joseph and Maximilian of Edward Jewett,

now numbers several thousand persons. One, Jeremiah Jewett, my mother's ancestor, was a soldier in King Phillip's War. Several of the name and family have achieved distinction, including Sarah Orne Jewett, novelist, David Jewett, admiral and commander-in-chief of the Brazilian fleet under the Emperor Dom Pedro, Joseph Jewett, United States Senator from Missouri, and John Godfrey Saxe, publicist and poet.

Next of my mother's forefathers came John Slafter, about 1680. He settled, it is believed, at Lynn, Mass., and there several of his family of ten children were born and married. There is no record of his wife.

In 1716 he removed from Massachusetts to Connecticut and purchased there in that year a hundred acres of land on the Willimantic River in the town of Mansfield. In May, 1721, he made another purchase and in 1724 he, with others, petitioned the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut to set off this tract with other lands into a new town. Thus ran their petition:

"Being sensible of the great loss and unspeakable we are under, by reason of dwelling so remote from the public worship of God, as also of what fatal and destroying consequences our so continuing may be to our posterity, we do, therefore, with an eye to our present comfort and future everlasting felicity, of us and ours, with a desire, also, to advance the interests, and enlarge the kingdom of our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, in this wilderness, and chiefly aiming in all these, at the glory of God, humbly address ourselves to your honors, begging that your honors would so far consider our deplorable state and condition as to find some way for our relief."

So the town of Willington was incorporated. It included within its boundaries "the mansion house of * * * Slafter." It stood, said the Reverend Edmund F. Slafter, who visited the site in 1862, "in a sunny and protected spot, looking out upon the waters of the nimble Willimantic * * *." The "mansion house" had disappeared, but the walls of the ancient cellar were still in their place. "Near by was the decayed trunk of an ancient apple tree, still standing, but in the last stages of decay, the veteran sentinel of more than a hundred years. Its broad base and time worn aspect indicated that it was planted in the time and probably by the hand of the emigrant ancestor himself. A few branches were springing from the roots, from which was selected a walking stick, as a memento of the revered ancestor who had the courage and energy to seek a home in the wilderness of America."

John Slafter was appointed the first grand juror for the town of Willington and was also elected tithing man, an inferior magistracy which has long since disappeared. To the tithingman was committed the guardianship of the Sabbath and it was his duty on that day to suppress all secular labor and all traveling except that necessary in going to and coming from the places of public worship.

I again quote from the Rev. Slafter's book:

"In person the emigrant ancestor is said, by tradition, to have been not above ordinary height, with broad shoulders, a powerful osseous frame, overlaid and knit together with strong elastic muscles.

On one occasion, at least, he is reputed to have made proof both of his personal courage and physical strength. During his abode in Massachusetts, the forests were infested with Indians,

who made frequent incursions upon the English settlements, often carrying terror and death to the cottages of the emigrants. Returning on one occasion after a brief absence, he found his home invaded by two athletic savages, whose insolent threats and gestures had put his whole household in fear of instant death. Assuming the authority which belongs to the lord of the castle, they were at once ordered to leave. Obedience to this command was haughtily refused. Fastening his eye upon the leader, the second injunction was followed, with the quickness almost of lightning, by a blow from his clenched hand, put forth with all the energy of his powerful frame, which laid the savage prostrate at his feet. The other, awed by this lesson, showed only signs of fear, and with humble promises on the part of both they were permitted to depart, and never afterward ventured to repeat their visit."

John Slafter died about 1754 and probably was buried in the cemetery at Willington, although the exact place of his grave has not been known for more than a hundred years. His fourth son, Samuel Slafter, who was born in August, 1696, and who married Dorothy Fenton, was my mother's ancestor.

Dorothy Fenton's father, Robert Fenton, also has been made the subject of a book, "The Descendants of Robert Fenton," published in 1867. It was written chiefly because of the eminence of one of the descendants, Reuben E. Fenton, who became Governor of New York and a Senator of the United States. The following account of Robert Fenton is taken from this little book:

"Robert Fenton, who is first heard of at Woburn, Mass., in 1688, was the common ancestor of the Connecticut Fentons. We can learn nothing in regard to his parentage, birthplace, or nationality.

The records of Woburn shed no light on the subject; and we can find no trace of him elsewhere, previous to his appearance in that town. Neither can we find any early Fentons in New England, except Robert; and we are inclined to think all who bear the name in this country, except immigrants of a later period, are descended from him. There is an old tradition in one branch of the Mansfield family, that Robert Fenton was a native of Wales. But very little reliance, however, can be placed on such traditions, as we have found in the course of our investigations; though we think it not improbable that this Robert Fenton was born in Great Britain, or that he was a Welshman. The records of Robert Fenton, at Woburn, are very meagre. He remained in the town but a few years, and it does not appear that he was a real estate owner there. In 1687, he is not on the tax list in that town; but in August, 1688, he is taxed 2s. 6d.—perhaps a personal tax. He was also a taxpayer in Woburn in 1688, 1689, 1690 and 1691; but the amounts we have not. The early church records of Woburn are lost. At precisely what time Robert Fenton came to Windham we have not been able to ascertain. Between May 30, 1693, and April 19, 1694, he was received as an inhabitant of the town, the exact date not being given. He evidently located in what was then called the 'north end' of the town, being that part of Ancient Windham which became Mansfield, where he was living in 1694. December, 1694, Robert Fenton was appointed, with Joshua Ripley, the first town clerk and magistrate of Windham, to lay out the lots on the west side of the river, that belonged to Willimantic. At the same meeting he was chosen 'Fence viewer' for the north end of the town—an office sometimes held by the wealthiest planters; at one time by Cates, the first settler. At another time he was appointed, with Mr. Ripley, to oversee those who were selected to

lay out sundry lots. He, however, took but little part in town affairs. Robert Fenton built the first bridge across the Natchaug River, according to the following record:

'June 13, 1695, Robert Fenton ingaged to the Towne to buld & make a sufficient bridg over the Notchoge falls, sutable for man and hors to pass with a lode, the bridge to be made by the first of October next; the sd Fenton also ingaged to maintain the bridg three years.' "

What I know of Robert Otis after he came from Ireland and settled near Lyme, Connecticut, about 1720, I have gathered from letters written by some of his descendants and from old accounts, unprinted, written many years ago. It is impossible now to sift out the truth from much that is almost legendary.

Before 1850 his grandson, who himself was born in 1783, wrote that Robert Otis married Margaret Sabin at Lyme, August 8, 1737, and that he had three sons. In an account prepared by Dr. John Otis of Ohio, who was born in 1818, it is stated that Robert Otis taught school before his marriage and that in addition to four sons he had three daughters.

Several accounts written by descendants far separated from each other assert, what is difficult to credit, that Robert Otis did not die until he attained the age of one hundred and fifteen years. They also wrote that when he was past eighty years of age he enlisted in the Revolutionary army as a wagon maker. Another legend is that when very old he lost his sight only to regain it miraculously later on. Concerning this incident one descendant even gives the details thus:

"At the age of one hundred he went stone blind in one night and remained blind for ten years to the very day. He woke up one morning and said

he could see. He told them to bring the old Bible and his glasses. Putting on his glasses he could not read. Taking them off he could read perfectly."

I think he died and was buried at Lyme, Connecticut, but only dim recollections of his family exist now in that community, whence long since departed the last of his descendants. But there is still pointed out there what is called the old Otis house.

As for my mother's Collins ancestors before the Revolution I know nothing. I think it will be found, however, that they were descended from Henry Collins, starch maker, who came in the Abigail in June, 1635, and settled at Lynn, Massachusetts. That Henry Collins had a family of five children, Henry, John, Joseph, Benjamin and Mary Ann. Of these, Joseph, who was born in 1642 and died in 1734, had besides seven daughters, two sons, William and Ezekiel. The latter removed to Southborough, Massachusetts, about 1732 and was a farmer. My mother's grandfather, Henry Collins, a farmer, was born in Southborough. Probably he was a grandson of Ezekiel.

CHAPTER III.

The Revolution.

Four of my father's ancestors, Stephen Otis, Edward Otis, Benjamin Miller and Absalom Myers, and six of my mother's ancestors, Henry Collins, Obadiah Dunham, Sr., Obadiah Dunham, Jr., Nathaniel Fifield, Benjamin Morgan and Thomas Jewett, were soldiers of the Revolution. I have in my possession official certificates of the services of each, except one. One died on the field of battle; one died a prisoner of war; at least two others sustained wounds.

There is even, as I have noted, a family tradition that Robert Otis in his old age was a Revolutionary soldier, but of that I have found no verification. Certainly each of his three sons were Revolutionary soldiers—Stephen, the eldest, my father's ancestor, Robert and Richard, as were also his grandsons, Edward, my father's ancestor, Robert and John. So, although the old man himself may not have served, at least his contribution of three sons and three grandsons to the patriot cause was a worthy one. The members of this family were animated in part perhaps by the example of their great kinsman, James Otis of Massachusetts, who, said John Adams, "sounded the trumpet call of liberty."

We know but few facts concerning the life of Stephen Otis. He is said to have been born May 14, 1738. He married a Miss Hackett or Sarah Lunt. Perhaps the former was his first and the latter his second wife. The official records show that he was first a corporal and then a sergeant in the Connecticut

line, enlisting from Lyme, that his regiment and company participated in the Battle of Long Island and that when that battle ended he was among the missing. For the story of his fate we must rely on family tradition.

That tradition is that at the Battle of Long Island Stephen Otis was captured by the British. His captors deliberately inoculated him and others with the germs of smallpox. From that disease he died, either before his release or shortly following his exchange. His wife too contracted the disease from nursing him. Both were martyrs in the cause of freedom. Their children, left orphans by their deaths, vowed vengeance against the enemy.

Edward Otis, son of Stephen, was born at Lyme, Connecticut, April 6, 1766. Tradition is that when he was but twelve years old he endeavored to enlist. Denied then that privilege he became the driver of an army baggage team, "seizing, however, occasion, as he could, to use a gun against the foe." At sixteen he did enlist. At the Battle of Throg's Neck, fought on what is now covered by a part of New York City, he was severely wounded. For this service and on account of this wound he was granted a pension by the government on an application filed March 25, 1833.

He died at the age of eighty-six in the year 1851 at Bigelow Mills, La Porte County, Indiana. He was there buried. More than sixty years afterward his body was removed by a grandson to the cemetery at Buchanan, Michigan, and there rest his remains.

When his military service ended, Edward Otis, still a boy, after living for a time at Lyme, removed from Connecticut to Vermont. There he married in 1787. Was his wife's name Mary Merrill, as some of his grandchildren said it was, or Mary Lunt, as others of

his grandchildren repeatedly asserted? He was twenty-one and his wife was seventeen. They lived at Onion River. In 1790 the first census of the United States was taken and the family was recorded as of Tunbridge, Orange County. There were eight children. They were Lois, born in 1788, Ezekiel, born in 1790, Jesse, born in 1793, Phoebe, born in 1795, Mary, born in 1797, Merrill, born in 1800, Edward, born in 1802, and Marilla, born in 1805.

In 1804 (one account says 1809) Edward Otis and his family came to Tuscarawas County, Ohio. He was one of the founders of New Philadelphia, county seat of Tuscarawas County. He was a Baptist preacher all his active life, having first studied theology in Vermont. One of his grandsons said he could hold an audience spell-bound.

After his wife's death, when that was I do not know, he lived with his children, most of the time with Merrill Otis, his third son. He lived in Illinois and later in Indiana. In his old age, he was eighty-six, he started alone on horseback to visit his old Ohio home. Near Bigelow Mills in Laporte County, Indiana, his horse stumbled and fell, throwing him to the ground, and so injuring him that on June 6, 1852, he died.

Such is the short story of the long life of Edward Otis—soldier, preacher, pioneer. How strange that so long a period of useful and honorable living affords us now only a half dozen scenes, separated each from the nearest by years. The orphan boy, the stripling soldier, and the battle at Throg's Neck. Then the marriage in Vermont. Then the missionary preacher, at thirty-five years of age a pioneer in the western wilderness. Then twenty years pass before we see him once more. A single line in the history of Tuscarawas County relating

to the founding of the town of Sandyville reads: "The first house in Sandyville was built in 1820 by an old Baptist minister, the Rev. Edward Otis, who stayed only a short time." The "old Baptist minister" was then fifty-five years old. Follow thirty years of silence and then once more and for the last time we see the good old man, dying on the roadside, among strangers, far from his own kin. And thus is the story of a long life written in one paragraph.

Even in his old age he was straight and nearly six feet tall, with graying hair, which originally was black.

Benjamin Miller, my father's ancestor, was born in Holland. My first knowledge of him was in a letter received nearly fifteen years ago from his grandson, Reisin Otis, who related how the old veteran of the Revolution often showed his hand scarred from a wound received in battle. He was then, said this grandson, of medium height, a jolly and corpulent old gentleman.

In a letter dated March 21, 1918, to one of his descendants, the adjutant general of New Jersey certified that the records in his office showed that:

"Benjamin Miller served as Private, Ninth Company, Colonel Benjamin Holmes' 2d Regiment, Salem County, New Jersey Militia, 1778; enlisted as Private, Captain John Motts' Company, Colonel Elias Dayton's 3d Regiment, New Jersey Continental Line, May 12, 1778, to serve nine months; joined June 7, 1778, discharged March, 1779. Residence, Piles Grove, Salem County, New Jersey. 18 years of age in 1778, making year of birth 1760. Described as five feet, eight inches in height, and as having fair complexion, brown hair and gray eyes."

In 1812 Benjamin Miller with his wife, who was Lydia Walling, and their children went west from New Jersey to Pike Township, Stark County, in Ohio, traveling with team and wagon. All slept in the covered wagon until their first cabin was erected. Later, September 1, 1819, Benjamin entered a section of land. He lived in Stark County until his death and he was buried in the Sandyville Cemetery. Time and the elements have removed all traces of his grave.

In a History of Pike Township it is recorded that "Miller had been a soldier during the Revolutionary War and served the greater part of the time under General Green. During an engagement with General Cornwallis in North Carolina he was wounded but remained in the service until the close of the war, being subjected to all the hardships and privations which the soldiers of '76 were called upon to endure. The old veteran and hero died in the year 1828 and was buried in the village graveyard at Sandyville. Of his life and labor after coming here until his death we know nothing beyond the facts mentioned."

Of the seven children of Benjamin Miller and Lydia Walling, Mary Miller, my father's grandmother, born in Morristown, New Jersey, 1787, was the third.

I have not been able to secure verification of the Revolutionary service of Absalom Myers but of its truth I have no doubt at all. A letter written in 1912 by his great-grandson, Franklin Myers of Indiana, an educated man, teacher and novelist, contains the following:

"The tradition in the family has always been that our common ancestor, Absalom Myers, moved from New Jersey to Pennsylvania, and there enlisted in Washington's army and was at Valley

Permitting that the violation of the rights and liberties of American people
 under the Bill, on the part of its inhabitants, in a vigorous prosecution of the
 Bill, was necessary for its safety, and considered of the necessity of preventing the anarchy
 and confusion which attend a deposition of the power of Government on the part of the
 inhabitants of the town of Bennington, on the New Hampshire grants, in the
 County of Albany, and Province of New York, being greatly alarmed at the proposed design
 of the Ministry to raise a revenue in America, and shocked by the bloody scene now
 acting in the Massachusetts Bay, and in the most solemn manner, resolve now to be
 taken, and do solemnly swear all the ties of Religion, Honor, and Love to our Country, to
 adopt and endeavor to carry into execution, to the best of their power, the measures recommended by the
 Continental Congress, or by the Convention of the Province of Massachusetts, for the
 purpose of preserving our Constitution, and opposing the execution of several arbitrary and
 oppressive acts of the British Parliament, until a reconciliation between Great Britain
 and America on Constitutional principles, which we most ardently desire, can be
 obtained, and that we will in all things promote the cause of our General Committee
 respecting the purposes of the Bill, the preservation of Peace and Good Order, and the
 safety of individuals and private property.

Jeremiah Carpenter

Joseph Hall
 David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

John Hall

Joseph Hall

Nathan Clark

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Benjamin Smith

Forge and Trenton, where (at Trenton) he lost his life. When his wife found herself a widow she took her two daughters and returned to her people in New Jersey, leaving an only son, nine months old, named Absalom, with a man named Schuman. In that day there were no good highways, no railroads, no telegraphs, poor postal service, and so the son and his descendants never heard again from her and even her maiden name is lost. The name Absalom, in perpetuation of the memory of the Revolutionary Absalom, has been handed down from generation to generation. Thus my father was named after his father and he after his. I had this story from my father and his older brother Joseph. They asserted it with vehemence if it was questioned in the least. They had heard their father and mother tell it over and over again."

When my mother's father, Edward Henry Collins, at the age of eighty-five, died in Monrovia, California, the Associated Press carried a dispatch, printed throughout the country, that he was the last surviving son of a Revolutionary soldier. He owed that distinction to the facts that he was born when his father, Henry Collins, the veteran, was already old and that the father entered the military service of his country when he was very young.

In boyhood I once asked Edward H. Collins to tell me what he had heard from his father's lips about the Revolution. He related three incidents. He said his father told him that once he saw General Washington riding on a great white horse at the head of the army and that he looked a most strong, virile leader. He said that his father also told him that when the war was ended and he was discharged he was nearly eight hundred miles from home. He started on foot back to

Massachusetts. Soon, as he went along, he came across a wounded and abandoned horse. Binding up the horse's wounded leg he mounted him and so rode the long distance home.

The third incident was of a time long after the war when Henry Collins was a pensioner. Quite a while before he had removed to Canada. His oldest sons were then serving in the British army. Periodically the veteran returned to Vermont to collect his pension. He was chided once by bystanders that he should collect a pension from the United States while his sons were drawing British pay, but the pension officer spoke up earnestly in his defense. He had served America, said the officer, when he lived here, was justly entitled to the pension, and his sons too were right in serving their new sovereign now that they were Canadian citizens.

The official records show the following concerning the service of Henry Collins: That he was from Southborough, Massachusetts; that he enlisted as a private in a Massachusetts regiment March 3, 1781, that he served until December, 1783. He is described as, "age, seventeen years; stature, five feet, six inches; complexion, light; occupation, farmer."

When the war ended Henry Collins, twenty years of age, returned to Southborough. There about 1791 he married. His first child, Betsey Collins, was born in Lanesborough, Massachusetts (or New York), July 12, 1792.

In the files of the pension office is an account over his signature of his life before 1833. It is a sworn statement as follows:

"Personally appeared before me, the undersigned Justice of the Peace, within and for County

aforesaid, Henry Collins of Abbotsford, L. C., and made oath that he was born in Southborough, County of Worcester, and state of Massachusetts, on the 14th day of April, 1764, and has record of his age; that he entered the service when he was a resident of Southborough, and returned after said service had expired to said Southborough, and lived there many years, and removed from thence to Marlboro, N. H., and thence to Abbotsford in the province of Lower Canada, where he still resides. He was called into the service as stated in his declaration, where he has given the names of his officers, and the movement of the armies, and at the close of the campaign, he received an honorable discharge from Gen. Henry Knox. He is acquainted with the following named gentlemen, who can testify as to his character for veracity and their belief as to his Revolutionary services: In St. Albans, Vt., Hacheliah Bridges, Colo. Holoway Taylor; in Abbotsford, his place of residence, Rev. John Johnson, Col. John Dwyer, Jacob Wallace and Ebenezer Fisk, postmaster.

(Signed) HENRY COLLINS."

Between the years 1792 and 1794 Henry Collins removed from the United States to Canada. Why he did this we do not know. Members of the Fifield family, to which reference will be made later, also removed to Canada. Perhaps there was something of an emigration northward. Descendants of the Collinses and Fifields still live in Canada.

Charles Collins, Henry's second child, was born in St. Armands, Lower Canada, March 13, 1794. Fanny Noble Collins was born in Broom, Lower Canada, January 27, 1798. Here also were born Wild Collins and William Collins. On December 13, 1807, the first wife of Henry Collins died. Thereafter for thirteen years he remained a widower.

In 1820, being then fifty-six years of age, he married at Weare, New Hampshire, Ruth Fifield, who was born February 9, 1796, daughter of Nathaniel Fifield, a veteran of the Revolution. At the time of her marriage she was twenty-four years old. She died May 31, 1836.

Of Henry Collins' second marriage, there were born three children, all at Abbotsford, Lower Canada. They were Susan, born April 10, 1821, Joseph, born April 2, 1822, and Edward Henry, born September 20, 1825. All left families. Susan (Collins) Stebbins was still living in 1912. The writer remembers to have seen Joseph Collins when once he visited his brother, Edward, in Missouri. These brothers greatly resembled each other. Each wore a patriarchial beard and each had a ruddy face.

We know but little of the later years of Henry Collins. He applied for a pension July 5, 1832. He came to Lake County, Illinois, in 1847, and died at Newport, now Wadsworth, in that county, at the age of 87 years. In a book entitled "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Illinois," compiled by Mrs. Harriet J. Walker and published in 1907, reference is made under the heading "Lake County," to the grave of Henry Collins as the only grave of a Revolutionary soldier in Lake County. The grave is said to be marked as that of a soldier of the Revolution.

Nathaniel Fifield, Henry Collins' father-in-law, also was a patriot soldier. Concerning him in a History of Weare, N. H., is the following account:

"Col. Nathaniel Fifield was a tailor and came from Salisbury, Mass., about 1765 and settled on Sugar Hill. He served as a private in Captain Phillip Johnson's Company, Col. Goff's Regiment, in an expedition against Canada in 1760. There

were ten or twelve men in the regiment who afterwards settled in Weare. The regiment had its rendezvous at Litchfield, N. H., and marched by way of Milford and Keene to Charlestown, then cut a road twenty-six miles to the Green Mountains and from there to Crown Point, following the road cut the year before by the Rangers under Stark. They were forty-four days in cutting the road to the mountains, which they crossed drawing their stores on horse burrows.

Col. Fifield served in the Revolution first as a Lieutenant and then as Captain in Col. Gilman's regiment at Newcastle.

He was an enterprising farmer and a large landowner; kept a tavern and store; was selectman and one of the committee of safety and afterwards Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Militia. He married Janet Cilley, died April 2, 1813, aged seventy-three years. She died in August, 1813, aged sixty-eight years."

Of their eleven children, Ruth, born at Weare February 9, 1786, later the wife of Henry Collins, was the youngest.

As Stephen Otis, the father, and Edward Otis, the son, both were Revolutionary soldiers, so were both Obadiah Dunham, Sr., and Obadiah Dunham, Jr., ancestors of my mother.

The former was born in Windsor, Connecticut (another account says Hebron), March 31, 1730. November 22, 1754, he married Lucy Gillette. He died, one account says, at Middlefield, N. Y. (another says at Cooperstown), February 7, 1813, and his wife died February 18, 1830. He was a practicing physician.

In 1763 Dr. Dunham removed to Pownal, Vermont. He was a justice of the peace at Pownal for twenty years. On March 8, 1763, he was sent as a delegate to

Dorset to aid in the organization of Vermont. His military service was as follows: He served as a private from May 19 to June 28, 1779, in Captain Thos. Sawyer's company of militia raised for the defense of the northern frontiers of the United States. He served as a private sixty-seven days from August 16, 1780, in Captain Eli Noble's Company, Major Eben Allen's Detachment, Vermont Militia, and he served again as a private for two days in July, 1781, "as a marcher to Saratoga in the alarm in Pownal."

Seven children were born to Obadiah Dunham and Lucy Gillette Dunham. Obadiah, Jr., the third child, was born November 7, 1761.

My mother has more of the blood of Dr. Obadiah Dunham than of any ancestor equally removed, that for the reason that she is descended not from one only but from two of his children, from his son Obadiah, Jr., and from his daughter Lucy Dunham, born February 7, 1759, who became the wife of Benjamin Morgan.

Obadiah Dunham, Jr., soldier of the Revolution in 1781, Captain Eli Noble's Company, Col. Ebenezer Walbridge's Regiment, Vermont Militia, married Lois Hendricks probably in 1783. They were parents of thirteen sons and daughters, of whom my mother's grandfather, Eber Dunham, was the tenth.

My mother's ancestor, Benjamin Morgan, son-in-law of Dr. Obadiah Dunham, was the son of Caleb Morgan and Lydia Rogers Morgan. He served in a Vermont regiment during four separate periods in the Revolution, as the official records show. His marriage with Lucy Dunham took place November 16, 1775. To their union were born twelve children. Rachel Morgan, born

April 25, 1778, who married Erastus Jewett, was the second child.

My mother's ancestor, Thomas Jewett, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, July 19, 1736. In 1758 he married Eunice Slafter, who was born January 23, 1732, at Mansfield, Connecticut. They remained at Norwich until 1769 and at that place were born six of their children.

In 1769 with his wife and children he removed to Pownal, Vermont. There four children were born, the last May 4, 1778.

Jewett was thirty-nine years of age when in 1775, with others, he signed the famous Bennington Declaration of Freedom.

Not only did Thomas Jewett serve in the Revolution, but so also did two of his sons, Thomas Frederick Jewett, who enlisted at nineteen, and Samuel Jewett, who enlisted at eighteen.

These incidents concerning Jewett at the Battle of Bennington are related in the Slafter Genealogy:

"It is said that in the midst of the fight it was announced that the cartridges had given out, whereupon Lieutenant Jewett seized a camp kettle, and filling it with powder, dealt it out in a dipper, with his own hand, to the soldiers. At the close of the action he found an unfortunate officer of the enemy wounded and expiring on the field; he gently placed him against a tree, but his cap, belt and sword, no longer useful to him, he bore away. He afterwards learned that the unfortunate officer was the Hessian, Colonel Baum, the commander of the expedition."

This book (the Slafter Genealogy) says also that Jewett was a member of the first legislature of Vermont, which met at Windsor, March 12, 1778, and of

its adjourned meeting at Bennington, June 4, in the same year, and that he was placed on several important committees. He was likewise returned by Pownal in 1783, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790 and 1791. He was a member of the Convention held at Bennington, January 10, 1791, which ratified the act of Congress admitting Vermont into the United States. He was also a member of the Convention of 1793. He was a justice of the peace and judge for the shire of Bennington in 1778.

Late in life the Jewetts removed from Pownal to a farm just south of Bennington. There Thomas died May 29, 1812. His wife died March 23, 1825. They were buried on their farm. The farm itself remained in the possession of members of the family long afterwards.

CHAPTER IV.

Pioneers.

As the forefathers of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis were among the first who, braving the dangers of an almost untraveled ocean, emigrated from the Old World to the New, so again, when the War of Independence had reached its successful close, they were among the first to seek new homes in the forests and upon prairies of the West. To Ohio and Indiana they went first, then to Illinois, then to Iowa and Kansas and Missouri. Farmers all they were. Each in his community was a leading citizen. Each lived an honorable, a useful, but undistinguished life. They reared large families. Many descendants survive, but not many facts live in memory to be recorded on these pages. Names, dates, places of abode, little more.

Ezekiel Otis, my father's grandfather, was a soldier in the War of 1812, but of his war service except the bare facts stated in the official records we have but one incident told by him. At the battle of Lake Erie a cannon ball pierced the boat in which he happened at the time to be. He must have related many other interesting incidents to his children in his later years, but if so all are forgotten now. So quickly do the years erase the biography of the average man.

He was born at Onion River in Vermont October 20, 1790. He died of typhoid fever in 1854 in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, and is buried in Broad Run Cemetery in that county. His wife, a widow when, October 13, 1815, he married her, was Mary Miller Stansbury,

daughter of the Revolutionary veteran, Benjamin Miller. She was born in Morristown, New Jersey, in 1787, died in Ohio in 1863.

Their children were Edward, born September 28, 1816, Merrilla, born June 4, 1818, Hampton, born March 25, 1820, Ezekiel, born February 23, 1822, Merrill, born April 1, 1825, Reisin, born July 14, 1827, Louisa Jane and Lida Jane, twins, born June 28, 1829.

Louisa Jane and Ezekiel died young and Hampton died without children. Edward went west to Missouri and Iowa, was a Baptist minister, a soldier of the Union Army in the Civil War and died in Southwestern Iowa, leaving several children. Reisin lived throughout his life in Ohio, was the last survivor of the children of Ezekiel and died at more than ninety years of age.

Ezekiel Otis was in height five feet, ten inches, in weight 165 pounds, straight and well proportioned, his complexion sandy, and until his death he had a good head of hair and good teeth. He was a firm believer in the Bible, an earnest member of the Baptist church. Once he said he could keep as many Baptists overnight as there were planks in his house.

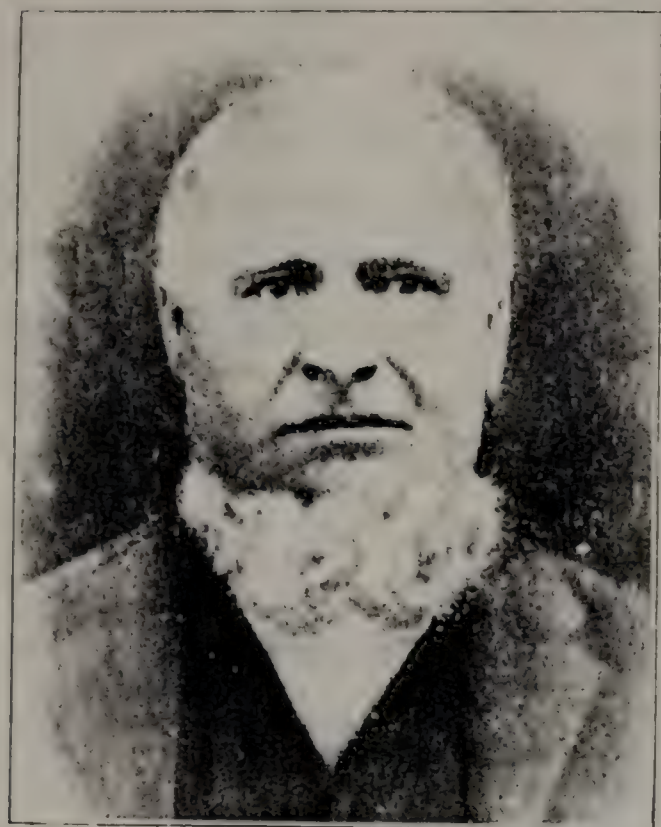
He was strictly temperate. As an illustration of his opposition to intemperance, this incident is related. One season he had out a large crop of wheat which had to be harvested with sickles. The neighbors refused their aid unless he would take liquor into the field in accordance with the custom. He refused. His sons, Edward and Hampton, urged that he permit it to be done to save the crop. He answered that the wheat might fall but he would allow no liquor on his farm. The result was that the neighbors turned in notwithstanding and the wheat was saved.

My mother's grandfather, Eber Dunham, born at Pownal, Vermont, in 1803, married Lucy Jewett in February, 1824. They removed to a farm in Lake County, Illinois, about 1850, and in 1856 to Fairfield, Iowa, where Eber Dunham entered two hundred acres of government land. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the Advent Church. He died in Fairfield, October 5, 1890, and his wife died June 3, 1893. Of their six children, five were born in Pownal, and of these Rachel, the third, was born October 15, 1835.

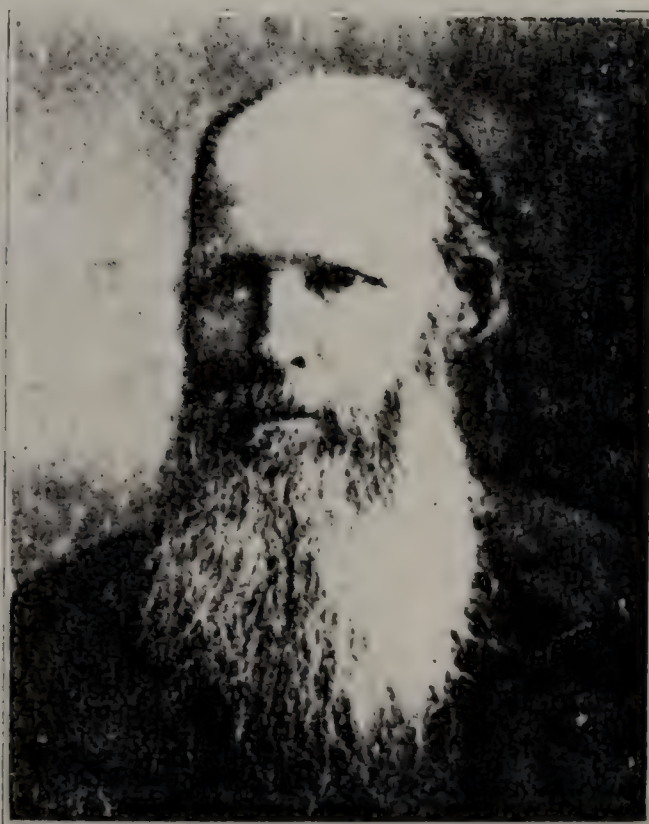
Of my father's maternal grandfather, Absalom Myers, son of the Revolutionary soldier, I know scarcely anything at all. He was born probably in Pennsylvania, and died in Indiana. He married Anne Sherman of Stark County, in Ohio, who grew up there in a Swiss settlement. Her grandson wrote in 1912 that he thought the Shermans were Swiss Lutherans. They had three sons at least and four daughters. Many descendants are living in Indiana and elsewhere. One grandson was killed in the Civil War at Spottsylvania, another marched with Sherman to the sea, two others fought with Thomas at Chickamauga.

There is an old bible, printed in 1815, which my father had and gave to my sister. It belonged to Absalom Myers and has his signature. His daughter, my father's mother, had it before 1851. In it also are specimens of her handwriting.

Ezekiel's son, Merrill Otis, my father's father, was born in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, April 1, 1825. Ezekiel was then thirty-five years of age and Edward Otis was fifty-eight. Merrill Otis must often have seen his grandfather who lived yet for twenty-seven years after the grandson's birth, but not one scrap of



MERRILL OTIS in 1890



EDWARD H. COLLINS in 1890

information has come down to us by direct tradition through Merrill concerning either Ezekiel or Edward. Concerning Merrill Otis himself there is little I am able to record.

His boyhood, his school days, his youthful plans, his early wanderings, how interesting to his descendants the story of all of these would be now, but there is none to tell that story. He was about twenty-six years old when in 1851 he married Tamer Myers, a girl of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, who grew up in the same neighborhood with himself. Their first children were born before they left Ohio. For a short time they lived somewhere in Illinois. Merrill Otis brought his family to Missouri in 1858.

When the Civil War opened he had a little store in the southern part of Nodaway County. He was then between thirty-five and thirty-six years old. His sympathies were with the North. A man of positive opinions it may have been that he was too outspoken to suit the views of the community around him. At any rate his store was burned one night and shortly afterward with his family he removed to a farm near Old Gravity in Taylor County, Southern Iowa. He was postmaster at Old Gravity for several years.

His financial means were above those of the average farmer of the time, since, being drafted near the end of the war, he employed a substitute and paid him in cash eight hundred dollars. He was caught in the draft as with some hired men he was driving cattle to a railroad point for shipment to Chicago. It was impossible for him to go to war with a wife and seven little children dependent on him.

When the war was over Merrill Otis came back to Nodaway County, having previously purchased through

his brother, Rev. Edward Otis, a farm immediately adjoining the town of Xenia.

Finally Merrill Otis acquired a farm of eight hundred acres. His wife died August 19, 1877, being then but a little more than 44 years of age. Before 1882 he had divided his land among his children, giving each a farm. He retained only forty acres for himself. He lived with his son Edward for a time. About 1890 he removed with his youngest daughter Mary to a small house he owned in Hopkins and there he died March 6, 1890.

He has seven sons and daughters. Reisin, the eldest, is living, when this is written, in Seattle; Sarah, who married Oliver Rumsey, died in Western Kansas; George W., is living now in Texas; Edward is living in Los Angeles; Absalom died in South Dakota; Mary, who married Lincoln Collins, is living in Monrovia, California, and Newton, alone of all the seven, still lives on a part of the old farm.

Those who remember the old homestead of Merrill Otis recall that it was a frame house of two stories with an ell, considerably larger than the average farmhouse of the time. There were great trees in the yard. It was at the turn of the public road as it came from the north and went southwesterly toward Xenia. To the east from the house was a great red barn, by far the largest in all the vicinity, built of native oak, sawed in the White Oak Grove, which then covered thousands of acres. A large cupola surmounted the barn that could be seen for miles.

We are fortunate in having three pictures of Merrill Otis. One, a faded daguerreotype, my father told me, as we sat together on the steps of the home at Lone Oak Farm August 27, 1927, was made before

the coming west out of Ohio. Merrill Otis was then not far past thirty years of age. It shows an intelligent, strong face.

The second picture, before me as I write, appears to be a copy, made long ago by hand by some traveling "artist" from a photograph not now existing. My father said it showed his parents as he first remembered them. Merrill Otis when it was made was perhaps a little beyond forty and his wife about forty years of age. The third picture is a photograph taken when he was near his sixtieth year.

I have yet one other picture of Merrill Otis, but it is so faint of outline, faded even more than the old daguerreotype, that I cannot reproduce it now. It is a picture in my own memory, of my grandfather sitting in a chair before the door of our log house in the Black Hills, smoking his pipe, my little sister on his knee, and myself a boy of four on the ground beside him digging what I called a mine with an old and broken knife.

And I have one other memory that seems now so far away. I remember some one coming to the log house with a message for my father. I did not understand why there were tears in his eyes as he hastily prepared for a journey. They told me that "Grandpa" was dead. In a few days father came home again but he had not been able to reach Missouri for the funeral and he did not see again his father's face.

Merrill Otis was not a tall man. In his later years he was very heavy. He was a strong man physically. Many times I have heard it said how on more than one occasion when some bully came into the neighborhood boasting of his power Merrill Otis playfully

would take him across his knee and paddle him like a child.

My father's mother was very slight, little more than a hundred pounds in weight. Her hair was dark. One day my father, then but sixteen, took his gun and went out hunting in the woods. Coming back, near home, he shot a bird. The shot frightened his mother, who the night before had dreamed that some misfortune was next day to befall her children. And a great misfortune did befall them, for that day she became very ill and in a little while she died.

Not long ago, taking a camera with me, I visited the White Oak Cemetery. I was happy to observe it was kept well. I walked to the highest spot where a single and beautiful pine tree stands by the graves of Merrill Otis and Tamer Myers and marked their monuments. I looked out over the hills upon hundreds of prosperous farms. At my feet on a splendid highway automobiles were speeding by. I could see a train passing in the valley. All around were evidences of civilization. I dreamed for a moment of the great forest that once spread to the horizon, of the rude trails made through it by the pioneers, of the clearings they cut out with their axes.

Some day I should like to see a new monument standing by the pine tree better to commemorate my father's father and my father's mother. On one side would be inscribed: "Merrill Otis, Pioneer, son of Ezekiel Otis, soldier of the War of 1812, grandson of Edward Otis and Benjamin Miller, soldiers of the Revolution, each of whom sustained wounds in battle, great-grandson of Stephen Otis, soldier of the Revolution, who died a British prisoner of war." And on the other side: "Tamer Myers, daughter of Absalom

Myers, grand-daughter of Absalom Myers, soldier of the Revolution, who died in the Battle of Trenton, that America might be free."

My mother's father, Edward Henry Collins, was all his life a farmer, until he retired in his old age and went from Missouri to the warmer climate of California. He farmed in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. He was twice married. By his first wife he had two sons, Charles and Howard. His second wife was Rachel Dunham, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. He was a high-minded, quick-tempered, honorable and upright man. He read much. He was an independent thinker. There was about him something of the sternness of his Puritan progenitors, but his children and those of his grandchildren who knew him loved him deeply. He was well respected by all who came in contact with him.

I know nothing of his boyhood in Canada. The records of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at his Canadian home show that he and his brother, adults, were baptized February 2, 1840. I think the family removed to Illinois about 1867.

In memory I can see him as first I saw him. It was in 1890 when we came down out of the Black Hills in the covered wagon. As we drew near his home we could see him and others working at a cane mill making sorghum. They saw us coming and there was a great waving of hands and running down to meet us. He was then at sixty-five a patriarch in looks, with his long graying beard falling on his breast.

I saw him many times before he went away to California, but the pictures have faded into one another so that it is hard to single out any one of them. But I remember so clearly the kindly smile that except in sterner moods played around his eyes and touched his

ruddy cheeks. And I can see him, after he had read a chapter from the Bible and closed the book, kneeling by his chair, lifting his noble face and with a fine, if simple, eloquence, praying for his loved ones and his country.

And his wife, my mother's mother, Rachel Dunham Collins, still living at ninety-two when this is written, what a useful, blessed life hers has been and is. In her is all the sweetness of all the flowers that bloom.

CHAPTER V.

Old Xenia.

The town of Xenia in Nodaway County, Missouri, ceased to be nearly sixty years ago, but the place is called Old Xenia still. It is still the site of the Xenia District School where many of the Otis and Collins families attended. Across the farm where Newton Otis lives and has lived for almost fifty years, a long, narrow depression in a blue grass pasture may yet be seen, the only physical thing remaining that was connected with the town now gone. It is the scar left on the earth by the wagons and horses which passed and repassed to and from this frontier settlement. A mile away from the schoolhouse is the White Oak Cemetery where sleep many of the pioneers. There are the graves of Merrill Otis and Tamer Myers.

Twenty years before the Civil War the first settlement was made where the White Oak Forest met the prairie. Doubtless someone named what soon became a village for his old home town—Xenia, Ohio. For a third of a century it grew and prospered, and then in 1870, when the railroad missed it by two miles, it died. Soon the last of those who saw it when it was the only town for miles around will have passed away.

Merrill Otis and Edward H. Collins came to the Old Xenia neighborhood and there for years maintained their homes, but more particularly are Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis and their children to be associated with Old Xenia in the last chapter of this little book.

Newton Otis, fourth son of Merrill, was born October 5, 1861, at Old Gravity, Taylor County, Iowa.

The town of Old Gravity has disappeared. The site, now farm land, is not far from the town of (New) Gravity. In 1919 I visited it with my father, who pointed out the place where stood the house where he was born. There he lived until the War of the Rebellion ended and the family moved to Old Xenia. In his later years he has some dim recollections of these earliest days before the removal to Missouri. A little blue cup and saucer that some kindly neighbor woman gave him when the family was about to go he treasured for many years, until long after he was married and had children of his own.

His boyhood was that of the farm lad of the "Seventies." There was much work to do on the large farm of his father—Merrill Otis saw to it that his boys worked—and school to attend during winter months. Newton went one year in the schoolhouse which, somewhat modernized, still stands at Old Xenia—the first year it was occupied. For three terms, a full year, he was a student in the preparatory department of Amity College at College Springs, Iowa.

He was but twenty-one when he married Eunice Collins. His father gave him 160 acres of land, a mile north of Old Xenia and four miles south of the town of Hopkins. There he still lives. The carpenters were at work building his first house when they were told by a horseman passing that President Garfield had been shot.

In that house Newton Otis lived for more than twenty-five years. It sat on a slight rise next to the east and west public highway and near the northeast corner of the farm. Around it he planted a grove of maple trees. There was blue grass in the front yard and two cedars. A walnut came up just a few feet south. A little orchard of Jenitans and Winesaps was

set out and a row of willows running south from the road and shutting off the stable. The view to the north was only for a few hundred feet where was the highest point of the slope on which the house sat. To the west also one could see only to the top of a small rise and to the east little more than a quarter of a mile. To the south one looked over rolling fields past the south boundary of the farm, a high hedge, and could see, a mile and a quarter distant, the grove of trees which stood and still stands by the schoolhouse at Xenia, and to the left a little way the great red barn which Merrill Otis had built.

In this house, with its two rooms below and its two half low ceilinged rooms above, the two children were born, Merrill E., July 7, 1884, and Dora, July 2, 1886.

In 1888 there was great excitement over the discovery of gold in South Dakota. Newton Otis leased his farm and took his family to the Black Hills. There, in one of the valleys, in a small clearing beside a mountain stream, within sight of Mount Harney, he built another home. This one was of logs. There was a fireplace made of stones and there was but one room.

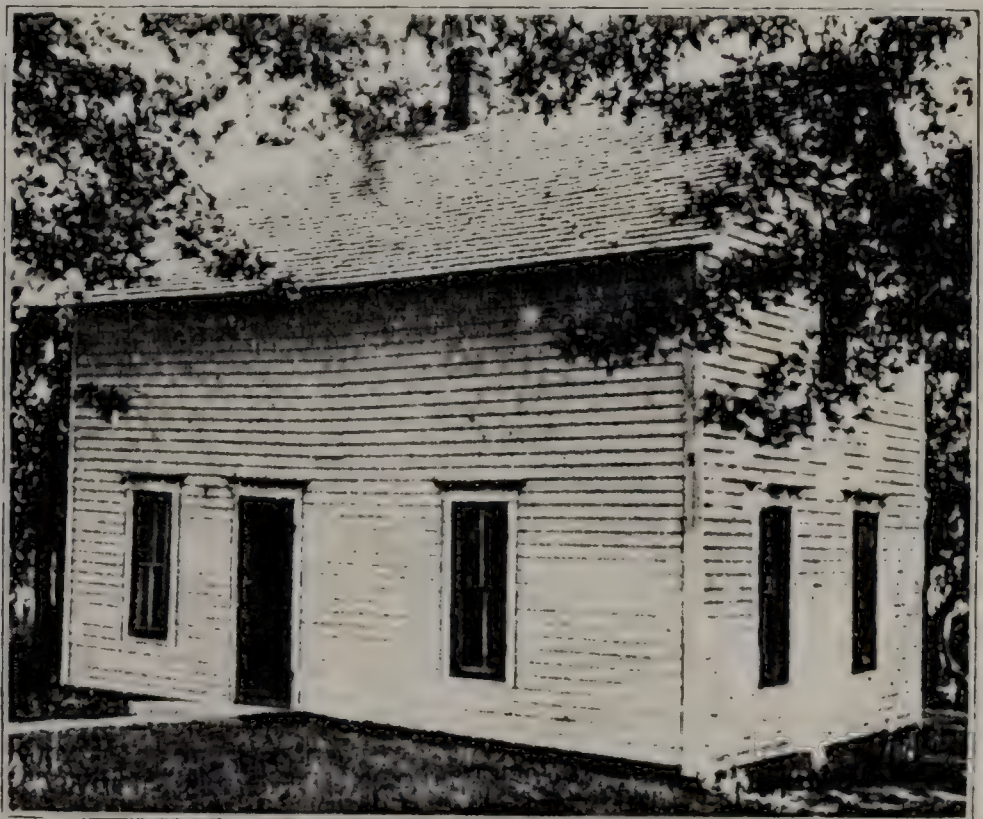
Finding neither gold or silver, the Otis family, after two years, returned to Missouri. This time the journey was overland, by covered wagon. The distance was eight hundred miles. The trip required a month.

There was a few weeks' stay in Hopkins and then the farm was taken over from the tenant. From that time on Newton Otis has not left his farm for any other vocation, and when these lines are written, in all the community around, he holds the record for longest continuous occupancy of the same homestead. The Otises, except Newton, have all gone from Old Xenia. The Collinses, too, have long since moved

away. Newton Otis is the only connecting link with the old days when Xenia was a prosperous town.



Childhood Home of Eunice Collins Otis



The Newton Otis Home, 1882-1910, Birthplace of Merrill E. Otis and Dora Otis Mitchell

He is a leading citizen. When he would consent to serve, he was always president of the school board.

When a rural telephone organization was formed he was its first president. He was always president of the literary society that formerly was held each winter at the schoolhouse. He has been a lifelong Republican and a member of the Baptist church. No one anywhere could have a finer reputation for integrity and uprightness of life.

Eunice Collins was born December 6, 1860, in Grundy County, Iowa, but in very early childhood the family moved to the westernmost part of Kansas.

They were hard days then in Kansas for the few and scattered settlers. Like the rest, the Collinses for a time lived in a dugout and at another time in a little house of logs, sod covered, with the most meagre furnishings. Around them to the far horizon swept the treeless plains.

Eunice Collins was a little girl when one day standing in the doorway she looked out on a great herd of buffalo. As far as the eye could reach stretched the moving mass, thundering by for hours until the last straggler disappeared over the swell towards the south. Often in later years she entertained her children by relation of this incident, an incident not uncommon on the prairies in early days, but long since seen for the last time. Often also she told of wild turkeys her brothers caught in traps, of great flocks of prairie chickens that winged their way across the sky. She told also of the time when one day, the husband and father gone, only her mother and her baby brother in the cabin, suddenly the door was shoved ajar and a tall red savage stood before them.

In terror she and the baby seized their mother's dress. Thoughts of tomahawk and scalping knife flashed into their childish minds. But it was only a very hungry Indian, who, grunting, slapped his stomach,

and pointed his lean finger toward the stove. There Mother Collins was cooking pancakes, of corn meal and salt and water, for there was no other food that day and on many days in that prairie home.

The Indian ate his fill. Then he asked for still more pancakes to take to his papoose, of whom he indicated he had three—"so high, so high, so high."

Came one winter a great blizzard. For days no one dared venture out into the wilderness of blinding snow. All the live stock froze. There was little left to eat in the whole community. Edward H. Collins was selected as one of a committee to go east for aid. On the day he came back again there was left in his home a single cup of meal, no more.

They were hard days, as hard as any the Pilgrims lived on "the stern and rock bound coast." But there was no whimper in the dugout on the plains, no complaint against Heaven or man or government, no impeachment of the social order. There was resolution rather to survive present trials, a light of faith in themselves and America that no passing cloud could dim. They never doubted, they of this family never doubted, that the God who had made it possible for the martyr to smile as the flames enveloped him, who had sustained their fathers adventuring over seas, who had cheered the patriots battling for liberty against the King's soldiery, they never doubted that through His Providence and their own exertions all would be well at last.

The children strived to acquire what learning they could get. Books were few but the few there were were worn out from use. Paper was scarce. A single sheet was used over and over again. It was filled with writing, then that writing was erased and it was filled again.

Eunice Collins, back in Iowa once more, went to district school and to an academy at Cedar Falls. There she won a certificate to teach and during eight terms she taught, from the time she was seventeen until she married Newton Otis, when she and he were twenty-one. Thence she has lived on the old farm, the Lone Oak Farm she named it, thence till now. Always active has she been in community and church, doing far more than was her share toward the making of a better, happier world.

I know now better than once I knew how wonderful was the home Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis made for their children. There was never an angry word. There was only love and kindness and the holding up of high ideals.

Let those who will scorn as too circumscribed the simple life of the American farmer of the days before the telephone, the automobile, the radio. The life of this home at least was not circumscribed.

True, it was something of a task then to go even four miles to town. It was a day's journey to the county seat and back. St. Joseph and Kansas City were so far away that I do not remember that any in the neighborhood ever made the journey. But the prophets of Israel and the Apostles were not half so far away then as now. The stars were nearer, ere dazzling arcs and incandescents blotted them from sight.

There were shelves filled with books downstairs and on two other shelves above the stairway more books stored. Every morning my father or mother read aloud a chapter from the Old or New Testament and every evening one of them read some chapter from a book of adventure or romance.

Books were always lying round, but the children

were not asked to read. They did read. What wonderful books! The Life of Garfield. I must have read that book, its first chapters, a hundred times. Cooper's Tales. Scott's novels. A half dozen histories of the United States. And even a few texts in Greek and Latin and German that my mother's brother had studied when he was away at school.

And there were games played, chess and checkers and dominoes and authors. And songs sung, the old hymns. I would rather hear one now than listen to a Caruso booming forth an Italian opera. And poems. My mother must have known by heart a hundred poems. She lightened her endless labors and brightened the darkest days by reciting the great poems as she went about her tasks.

Once I found upstairs a page torn from some book with a few verses from a poem on it. Something about a potter and his pots. On my childish mind it made a deep impression, although certainly I could not then have grasped its meaning. For days I searched to find the rest, but I could never find it. Not for many years, until in College I read the Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam. Then I knew I had found at last the poem. It was the great statesman, John Hay, who said that when he first read that poem it was as if he had discovered a new constellation in the sky.

Every Sunday morning we went, sometimes in a wagon, sometimes in a buggy, to Sunday school in the old Baptist Church at Hopkins, where often my father was superintendent, and every Sunday afternoon to Sunday school at Old Xenia, where often my mother was superintendent. There was taught a primitive fundamentalism in those days and the Otis children asked many questions that brought down on their heads

harsh words from preachers and lewhiskered deacons and that prompted dire predictions of the awful fate awaiting those who ventured doubts, but, at home, neither then nor after, was ever any effort made to shackle souls or shut off honest inquiry after truth.

The great ambition of the father and mother in this home was that their children should have every educational advantage. Early and late they worked that the children might go to school—the country school first, high school afterwards, and then the University.

I think they would like some reference here to their daughter, Dora Otis Mitchell, who graduated first at the high school at Hopkins, then at Maryville, then with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from the University of Missouri, and then with the degree of Master of Science in Education from Harvard, the first Missouri woman to obtain a degree from Harvard. And to their daughter-in-law, Sophie H. Otis, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, deeply learned in the social sciences and in modern languages, whose life has been an exhibition of courage and triumph over obstacles not surpassed by what the Mortons and the Dunhams did three centuries ago. And to Mason E. Mitchell, their son-in-law, for many years a trusted officer in the navy of the United States, veteran of two wars, world traveler, than whom I think there was never a more perfect gentleman. And to their little grandchildren, whom they love with a great devotion. They would like some reference too I know to Ruth Florea, a fine young lady now, whom nearly twenty years ago, their own children grown and gone, they took into their home and hearts.

May my father and mother live yet many, many years, in health and happiness and peace.

APPENDICES

Appendix A, — Descent of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis.

Appendix B, — Descendants of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis.

Appendix C, — Alphabetical List of Forefathers.

APPENDIX A.

Descent of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis.

The Otis Line.

Richard Otis of Glastonbury.

Thomas Otis.

.....

.....

Robert Otis—Margaret Sabin.

Stephen Otis—..... Hackett or Sarah Lunt.

Edward Otis—Mary Merrill or Mary Lunt.

Ezekiel Otis—Mary Miller Stansbury.

Merrill Otis—Tamer Myers.

NEWTON OTIS.

The Myers Line.

Absalom Myers.

Absalom Myers—Anne Sherman.

Tamer Myers—Merrill Otis.

NEWTON OTIS.

The Miller Line.

Benjamin Miller—Lydia Walling.

Mary Miller Stansbury—Ezekiel Otis.

Merrill Otis—Tamer Myers.

NEWTON OTIS.

The Collins Line.

Henry Collins—Ruth Fifield.

Edward H. Collins—Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Fifield Line.

Nathaniel Fifield—Janet Cilley.

Ruth Fifield—Henry Collins.

Edward H. Collins—Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Dunham Line.

John Dunham—Abigail Wood (dau. Henry Wood and Abigail Jenny, dau. John Jenny).

Joseph Dunham—Mercy Morton.

Nathaniel Dunham—Mary Tilson (dau. Edward Tilson).

Jabez Dunham—Salome Barrows Tiffany (dau. Thos. Barrows and Abigail Kneeland).

Obadiah Dunham—Lucy Gillette.

Obadiah Dunham—Lois Hendricks (dau. Cornelius Hendricks).

Eber Dunham—Lucy Jewett.

Rachel Dunham—Edward H. Collins.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Morton Line.

George Morton—Juliana Carpenter.

Nathaniel Morton—Lydia Cooper.

Mercy Morton—Joseph Dunham.

Nathaniel Dunham.

Jabez Dunham.

Obadiah Dunham.

Obadiah Dunham.

Eber Dunham.

Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Jewett Line.

Edward Jewett—Mary Taylor (dau. William Taylor).

Joseph Jewett—Maria Mallinson.

Jeremiah Jewett—Sarah Dickinson (dau. Thomas Dickinson).

Eleazer Jewett—Mary Lamb.

Eleazer Jewett—Elizabeth Griggs.

Thomas Jewett—Eunice Slafter.

Erastus Jewett—Rachel Morgan.

Lucy Jewett—Eber Dunham.

Rachel Dunham—Edward H. Collins.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Slafter Line.

John Slafter—

Samuel Slafter—Dorothy Fenton (dau. Robert Fenton
and Dorothy Farrar).

Eunice Slafter—Thomas Jewett.

Erastus Jewett.

Lucy Jewett.

Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Gillette Line.

Jonathan Gillette—

Jonathan Gillette—Miriam Dibble (dau. Thos. Dibble,
g. dau. Robert Deeble).

Thomas Gillette—Martha Mills.

Joel Gillette—Mary Kelsey.

Lucy Gillette—Obadiah Dunham.

Obadiah Dunham.

Eber Dunham.

Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Morgan Line.

Caleb Morgan—Lydia Rogers.

Benjamin Morgan—Lucy Dunham.

Rachel Morgan—Erastus Jewett.

Lucy Jewett.

Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Rogers Line.

John Rogers, the Martyr.

.....

James Rogers—Elizabeth Rowland.

Samuel Rogers—Mary

Jonathan Rogers—Elizabeth Pemberton.

Lydia Rogers—Caleb Morgan.

Benjamin Morgan.

Rachel Morgan.

Lucy Jewett.

Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

The Carpenter Line.

John Carpenter.	Juliana Carpenter.
Richard Carpenter.	Nathaniel Morton.
John Carpenter.	Mercy Morton.
John Carpenter.	Nathaniel Dunham.
William Carpenter.	Jabez Dunham.
James Carpenter.	Obadiah Dunham.
William Carpenter.	Eber Dunham.
Alexander Carpenter.	Rachel Dunham.

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

Another Line.*

John of Gaunt.	John Dunham.
Joan Beaufort.	Joseph Dunham.
Anne Neville.	Nathaniel Dunham.
Margaret de Stafford.	Jabez Dunham.
Sir John Dunham.	Obadiah Dunham.
Sir John Dunham.	Obadiah Dunham.
John Dunham.	Eber Dunham.
Ralph Dunham.	Rachel Dunham.
Thomas Dunham.	

EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

*The accuracy of this line was vigorously maintained with fair argument by the author of the Dunham Genealogy, Isaac Watson Dunham, A.M., who was a scholarly genealogist. Those who are interested in such attenuations may find in the Encyclopedia the name of the father of John of Gaunt.

APPENDIX B.

Descendants of Newton Otis and Eunice Collins Otis.

NEWTON OTIS—EUNICE COLLINS OTIS.

Merrill E. Otis—Sophie Hersch.	Mason E. Mitchell—Dora Otis.
Dorothy Otis.	Edward Otis Mitchell.
	Mary Milster Mitchell.
	Rachel Dunham Mitchell.

APPENDIX C.

Alphabetical List of Forefathers.

- Barrows, Thomas, b. ———, d. ———, m. Abigail Kneeland, ———.
- Carpenter, Alexander, b. Eng. 1560, d. Eng.
- Carpenter, James, b. Eng., d. Eng.
- Carpenter, Juliana, b. Eng., d. Plymouth, m. George Morton, 1612.
- Carpenter, John, b. Eng. (c) 1300, d. Eng.
- Carpenter, John, b. Eng., d. Eng.
- Carpenter, John, b. Eng., d. Eng.
- Carpenter, Richard, b. Eng. 1335, d. Eng.
- Carpenter, William, b. Eng. 1440, d. Eng. 1520.
- Carpenter, William, b. Eng., d. Eng.
- Cilley, Janet, b. 1745, d. N. H. 1813, m. Nathaniel Fifield (c) 1762.
- Collins, Edward H., b. Canada 1825, d. Cal. 1911, m. Rachel Dunham 1854.
- Collins, Henry, b. Mass. 1764, d. Ill. 1851, m. Ruth Fifield 1820.
- Cooper, Lydia, b. ———, d. Plymouth 1673, m. Nathaniel Morton 1635.
- Dickinson, Sarah, b. Mass. 1664, d. Mass. 1724, m. Jeremiah Jewett 1685.
- Dickinson, Thomas.
- Dunham, Eber, b. Vt. 1803, d. Iowa 1890, m. Lucy Jewett 1824.
- Dunham, Jabez, b. ——— 1707, d. ———, m. Salome Tiffany 1725 (c).
- Dunham, John, b. Eng. 1588, d. Plymouth ———, m. Abigail Wood 1619.
- Dunham, Joseph, b. Plymouth 1637, d. Plymouth 1703, m. Mercy Morton 1657.
- Dunham, Nathaniel, b. Conn. 1665, d. ——— 1731, m. Mary Tilson.
- Dunham, Lucy, b. Conn. 1759, d. Vt. ———, m. Benjamin Morgan 1775.

Dunham, Obadiah, Sr., b. Conn. 1730, d. N. Y. 1813,
 m. Lucy Gillette 1754.
 Dunham, Obadiah, Jr., b. Vt. 1761, d. Vt. ———, m.
 Lois Hendricks 1783.
 Dunham, Rachel, b. Vt. 1835, m. Edward H. Collins
 1854.
 Farrar, Dorothy, b. ———, d. Conn. ———, m. Rob-
 ert Fenton (c) 1687.
 Fenton, Dorothy, b. Conn. 1700, d. Conn. 1783, m.
 Samuel Slafter 1722.
 Fenton, Robert, b. Wales (?), d. Conn. ———, m.
 Dorothy Farrar 1687.
 Fifield, Nathaniel, b. Mass. 1740, d. N. H. 1813, m.
 Janet Cilley (c) 1762.
 Fifield, Ruth, b. N. H. 1786, d. Canada 1836, m. Henry
 Collins 1820.
 Gillette, Joel, b. ———, d. ———.
 Gillette, Jonathan.
 Gillette, Jonathan, b. ——— 1635, d. ———, m. Mi-
 riam Dibble.
 Gillette, Lucy, b. ——— 1740, d. Vt. 1830, m. Obadiah
 Dunham, Sr., 1754.
 Gillette, Thomas, b. ——— 1678, d. ———, m. Mar-
 tha Mills.
 Griggs, Elizabeth, b. ———, d. Conn. 1781, m. Eleazer
 Jewett, Jr., 1726.
 Hendricks, Cornelius.
 Hendricks, Lois, b. ———, d. ———, m. Obadiah
 Dunham, Jr., 1783.
 Jenny, Abigail, b. Eng. ———, d. Eng. ———, m.
 Henry Wood.
 Jenny, John.
 Jewett, Edward, b. Eng. 1580, d. Eng. 1615, m. Mary
 Taylor 1604.
 Jewett, Eleazer, b. Mass. 1673, d. Conn. 1748, m. Sarah
 Lamb (c) 1699.
 Jewett, Eleazer, b. Conn. 1704, d. Conn. 1747, m. Eliz-
 beth Griggs 1726.
 Jewett, Erastus, b. Vt. 1775, d. Vt. 1819, m. Rachel
 Morgan 1798.

Jewett, Jeremiah, b. Eng. 1637, d. Mass. 1714, m.
 Sarah Dickinson 1661.
 Jewett, Joseph, b. Eng. 1609, d. Mass. 1660, m. Mary
 Mallison 1634.
 Jewett, Lucy, b. Vt. 1805, d. Iowa 1893, m. Eber
 Dunham 1824.
 Jewett, Thomas, b. Conn. 1736, d. Vt. 1812, m. Eunice
 Slafter 1758.
 Kelsey, Mary, b. ———, d. ———, m. Joel Gillette.
 Kneeland, Abigail, b. ———, d. ———, m. Thomas
 Barrows.
 Lamb, Sarah, b. ———, d. ———, m. Eleazer Jewett
 (c) 1699.
 Lunt, Sarah, b. ———, d. ———, m. Stephen Otis.
 Mallinson, Mary, b. Eng. ———, d. Mass. 1652, m.
 Joseph Jewett 1634.
 Merrill, Mary, b. Vt. 1770, d. ———, m. (?) Edward
 Otis 1787.
 Miller, Benjamin, b. Holland (?) 1760, d. Ohio (c)
 1833, m. Lydia Walling.
 Miller, Mary, b. N. J. 1787, d. Ohio 1863, m. Ezekiel
 Otis 1815.
 Morgan, Benjamin, b. ———, d. ———, m. Lucy
 Dunham.
 Morgan, Caleb, b. ———, d. ———, m. Lydia Rogers.
 Morgan, Rachel, b. Vt. 1779, d. Vt. 1859, m. Erastus
 Jewett (c) 1798.
 Morton, George, b. Eng. 1585 (c), d. Ply. 1624, m.
 Juliana Carpenter 1612.
 Morton, Nathaniel, b. Holland 1613, d. Ply. 1685, m.
 Lydia Cooper 1635.
 Myers, Absalom, Sr.
 Myers, Absalom, Jr., b. Pa. ———, d. Ind. ———,
 m. Anne Sherman (c) 1815.
 Myers, Tamer, b. Ohio 1833, d. Mo. 1877, m. Merrill
 Otis 1850.
 Otis, Edward, b. Conn. 1766, d. Ind. 1851, m. Mary
 Merrill 1787.
 Otis, Ezekiel, b. Vt. 1790, d. Ohio 1854, m. Mary
 Stansbury.

Otis, Merrill, b. Ohio 1825, d. Mo. 1890, m. Tamer
 Myers 1850.
 Otis, Richard, b. Eng. (c) 1550, d. Eng. 1611.
 Otis, Robert, b. Ireland (c) 1696, d. Conn. 1711 (?),
 m. Margaret Sabin 1737.
 Otis, Stephen, b. N. H. or Conn. 1738, d. Conn.
 ———, m. Sarah Lunt.
 Otis, Thomas, b. Eng.
 Rogers, John, b. Eng. 1500, d. Eng. 1555.
 Rogers, Lydia, b. ———, d. ———, m. Caleb Mor-
 gan.
 Sabin, Margaret, m. Robert Otis 1737.
 Sherman, Anne, b. ———, d. ———, m. Absalom
 Myers.
 Slafter, Eunice, b. Conn. 1732, d. Vt. 1825, m. Thos.
 Jewett 1758.
 Slafter, John, b. Wales (?) ———, d. Conn. before
 1754.
 Slafter, Samuel, b. Mass. 1696, d. Conn. 1770, m.
 Dorothy Fenton 1722.
 Stansbury, Mary Miller, see Mary Miller.
 Taylor, Mary, b. Eng. ———, d. Eng. ———, m.
 Edward Jewett 1604.
 Taylor, William, b. Eng. ———, d. Eng. (c) 1615.
 Tiffany, Salome, b. ———, d. Mass. ———, m. Jabez
 Dunham (c) 1725.
 Tilson, Edward.
 Tilson, Mary, b. ———, d. ——— 1756, m. Nathaniel
 Dunham 1688.
 Walling, Lydia, b. ———, d. ———, m. Benjamin
 Miller.
 Wood, Abigail, b. Eng. ———, d. Plymouth ———,
 m. John Dunham 1619.
 Wood, Henry, b. Eng. ———, d. Eng. ———, m.
 Abigail Jenny.



APR 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

